

THE CASE OF ALFRED

BY AMELIA PRICE.

The middle aged woman with the youthful hat sank into the car seat with a sigh of relief. "My, but I got tired waiting on that corner!" she said to her companion. "I hate this standing around waiting for street cars when there might just as well have been an automobile in the family! As I was saying to my husband this morning, it does beat all that after you slave and plan all your life for your children things never turn out as you want them to!"

"That's so," agreed the woman in the shade-too-bright heliotrope suit. "They just do as they please!"

"Not that Lizzie is not a good daughter," went on the middle aged woman. "It's just that you can't tell about men. They can be the blindest, most exasperating, contrary creatures! As I was saying to my husband, when he took Alfred Quam for a partner, who on earth would have dreamed that such a boyish, pleasant fellow could have such a will of his own and be so absolutely deaf to the call of what are really his own interests?"

"He has money, you know, and as his folks did not live here I made up my mind that it was my duty to be kind of motherly to him," explained the middle aged woman. "I think there is nothing so pathetic as a nice young man far from home and a prey to every designing creature who sets her eyes on him, especially when he is a good looking young man like Alfred."

"I thought," said the other woman, "that he and Lizzie—"

"I don't believe in trying to make matches," said the middle aged woman, firmly. "I wouldn't dream of interfering with fate! Lizzie may be 26, but she doesn't look it, and any one with taste would realize how good looking she is—in a quiet way, of course. I don't think it is refined to have the sort of looks that attract attention, Mrs. Garver, indeed I don't!"

"The first night that I had Alfred Quam to a good home-cooked dinner I let Lizzie stir up the French dressing and stuff the baked potatoes and if I happened to mention that she got the dinner I can't see that there was any necessity of my explaining just what part of it she got. Alfred always was glad to get an invitation to dinner. Afterward I had Lizzie show him her book of photographs. There's nothing like letting young people get acquainted."

"Anyhow, Alfred Quam might have considered himself in luck to get a nice girl like my Lizzie—not but that she could have her pick of far better than he! There's no telling what a man will like—and to think that he should lose his head over that silly, giggling George MacPrang, who grew so fond of Lizzie all of a sudden on the evenings she found that Alfred was coming! Lizzie is so unsuspicious."

"When he got his runabout I mentioned that Lizzie was perfectly crazy over autos and that the fresh air was so good for her health. He took her out several times when I invited him to come early for dinner, so they could get a ride afterward, but it wasn't a month before that George MacPrang was driving the runabout with her own hands and smiling condescendingly when she passed our house!"

"You don't know what I suffered at the hands of that George MacPrang, Mrs. Garver! I'd ask Alfred out for a nice little family game of cards and he'd have an engagement and the next day George would drop in and tell what a fine time she and Alfred had at the theater the night before!"

"He was perfectly nice to Lizzie and if she dropped into the coal office near closing time, as it was perfectly natural for her to do, since it was her father's office, Alfred would usually bring her home. 'Don't push yourself,' I told Lizzie. 'Only don't be backward about showing him that he's popular with you! That flatters a man—having him think you like him and are too modest to show it!'"

"Just as I had arranged to have Alfred take his summer vacation at the same time we did and be our guest at the cottage we were going to rent, in comes that George MacPrang with a suitcase as big as a paving stone, all smiles and applied blushes and throws herself on Lizzie's neck and says she must tell her first, because it was through her that she and Alfred found each other."

"Isn't that enough to make a woman give up in despair, Mrs. Garver? Not that I'd have dreamed of trying to force Alfred or Lizzie in each other's direction—not me—but being a junior partner and, of course, what's her father's will be Lizzie's some day, and then Alfred would have had it all—and his nice automobile and he is so good looking—and to think that silly George MacPrang—"

"Maybe something will happen," said her friend, comfortingly. "Lizzie may yet be glad she didn't get him—"

"My goodness!" said the middle aged woman emphatically. "Why, my Lizzie wouldn't have had Alfred Quam, not if he'd begged her on his knees!"

Sure to Ride.

"Smith says his son has gone into a riding business."

"So he has."

"What is it?"

"You."

CALLING ON TOM'S WIFE

By CHARLES POEHLMAN.

If she had been dressed up any more than she was traffic would have paused to allow the procession to go by. She knew it, to, and gave herself a little satisfied shake before she rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Gorman at home?" she inquired languidly of the pink-checked girl who opened the door. Then with an air of great surprise at the answer she drew back the card she was tendering the supposed maid and smiled genially.

"How stupid of me," she said, "not to realize that you are Mrs. Gorman, and not the maid! Of course, you can't keep a maid in a tiny, five-room flat! I am Clara Belfuss, and being such an old friend of your husband's I wanted to call right away, and not wait for your at-home date. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"I think an at-home date is only a form, anyhow, unless people are really in society, don't you? Oh, my, don't apologize because you are not settled yet—I know it won't look so bare and queer after you've bought a few more things."

"You're going to have Arabian lace curtains, you say? Oh, my dear—forgive me for interfering, but perhaps you don't know that Arabian lace is entirely out! You must have filed! Here in the city we have to be terribly up to date! That's one reason why I always was so fond of Tom—he is such an up-to-date man. He always wanted the very latest in everything—so you can imagine our surprise when we learned he was to marry a girl from a small town. I suppose you were such a contrast—a delightful contrast, of course—to what he always had been used to!"

"I've always felt that perhaps if Tom hadn't so insisted on style it would have been better for him. He would make more progress in the business world, I mean. I've always taken an interest in his career, because I rather helped him on socially—introduced him around, you know, and got him started. He was so diffident and awkward at first, poor boy. He was too grateful to me, I thought, especially when he—dear me, how I ramble on!"

"I expect Tom will find it very hard to settle down into a staid married man now. Of course, on his salary he can't entertain and do things, now that he is married. How fortunate for him that he married a girl used to a simple life! That was what I always advised him to do when—you know, Tom came to me with all his troubles, and a man certainly does learn to depend on a girl when he gets the habit of doing that!"

"I used to say to him: 'Tom, what on earth will you do when I get married and haven't any time for you.' But he was always so broken up at the idea that I had to stop teasing him. I don't believe in letting a man think there is a chance that you may care for him when you know you never could in the world! I've always had my ideal of a man and he has to be very brilliant and clever and keen and terribly successful—an extraordinary man, in fact. I never could be satisfied with anything less. I am different from most girls in that—with them it is anything to get married! Haven't you noticed it?"

"I don't suppose you and Tom would care to go into the card club we are forming. The refreshments and prizes are quite simple, but I know what a drain every little thing is on the purse of newlyweds struggling to get along. I thought you wouldn't, so I filled in with some friends of mine—they live in that great house around the corner with the big garage. I've just met them recently—the Bippers. Of Bipper & Co., you know. Oh, dear me, of course that doesn't mean anything to you."

"Mr. Bipper," said the pink-checked bride sweetly, "is my uncle, and I am afraid you can't have them in your club, because they're starting shortly on a year's absence in Europe. They want Tom and me to live in their house while they are gone, so they can keep their servants and chauffeurs and have the place open. That is why we stopped settling here. Did you know Tom had gone into the firm with my uncle?"

"Really?" stammered the caller. "Well, I must say it's nice for Tom that he picked out a wife with rich relations—so much of the success in this world is just luck! But what in the world will you ever do with the Bippers' four automobiles?"

"Well," said the little bride meekly, "we had six at home, counting my brother's racing car, so—"

"Goodness, how late it is!" said the caller, getting to her feet hastily. "I must be running along!"

Sensitive Fish.

Mrs. Jones, not having much confidence in the abilities of her servant, went to market herself. Approaching the fishwife's stall, she asked the price of a large carp.

"Sixty cents," was the reply.

The lady examined the fish and exclaimed:

"It's not fresh!"

"I tell you it is!" replied the fishwife.

"But it's quite flabby!"

"O, go on insulting it!" replied the fishwife, bitterly. "It can't answer you!"

And with that kindness of heart which is natural to her, Mrs. Jones bought the fish to make up for the injury to its feelings.—Judge.

NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS

The prospects now are that the State Institutions which have been so amply taken care of the last few years will be compelled to suffer for the next two years for the want of ample appropriations to maintain them. During the campaign the Republicans charged the Democrats with being extravagant, and they now find they were not. During the campaign the Republicans promised to reduce the appropriations and upon this promise probably received several thousand votes, but they now realize they cannot reduce the appropriations, and in order to win next time must make a showing to the people whom they deceived. The only way to do this in order to keep up the false promises is to cripple the charitable institutions. If they persist in their present policy it is more than likely that some of the charitable institutions will have to close down during the next two years, or the county can be made to take care of the insane and epileptic. It is unfortunate that these conditions exist and that Kansas has such small politicians in charge of its affairs.

One of the most amusing things that has recently happened is the Live Stock Commissioner. During the campaign Capper proclaimed loud and long that he was against the "Spoils System." Hardly had he been inaugurated governor before he forgot his campaign promises and immediately began planning to get rid of Democratic offices. In the campaign he contended that any officer who had made good should not be removed for political purposes, however he seems to only apply this to the Republicans. When he announced the appointment of Mr. Mercer to be State Live Stock Commissioner, he stated that Mr. Riddle had been an efficient officer and had done excellent work during his term, and especially did he commend him in his work in dealing with the foot and mouth disease, yet he removed Mr. Riddle, whom he says was an efficient officer, in order to make room for one of his political supporters.

During the Hodges administration, Capper publications complained bitterly that the Democrats were discriminating against careful observer admits that the old soldiers at Fort Dodge were given better provisions and were better cared for than during any previous administration. Hardly had the Republicans been returned to power when they began to plan whereby, for political reasons, they could fool the people into believing they were economical.

The Board of Managers, who are Democrats, asked for ample appropriations to place the Fort Dodge home and the Mother Bickerdike home in first class condition. In order to do this it was necessary, of course, to ask for an increase in the appropriations for these institutions, but since the election the thoughtfulness for the Old Soldiers has disappeared and they now intend to cut down the appropriations for these institutions, thereby crippling the Old Soldiers Home and making it impossible for them to be cared for in the manner in which they should be cared for.

Reading the Capper publications the reader would hardly know that there was a Kansas state senate. The Kansas state senate is not playing politics. With one or two exceptions, both the Republican and Democrat members are trying to do the best they can for the state, not a word of commendation is given them, because it would never do to compliment a Democratic senate with the good work it is doing, therefore the senate is ignored, yet they expect a Democratic senate and the Republican members of the senate who are working with them to line up with the administration.

It is only customary for the Senate Ways and Means Committee and the House Ways and work of preparing the appropriation bills. This year the senate committee took the educational and charitable institutions while the house committee took the judicial budget and penal institutions. Hardly had this agreement been made when A. M. Keene, chairman of the house committee broke faith with the senate committee and proceeded to consider only those bills supposed to be considered by the senate, this being done for political purposes.

Mr. Keene has had a hankering to run for governor for several years, instead of proving himself big enough for the job his actions in the house show that he is proving a political grandstander. It

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has also developed that the job of chairman of the Ways and Means committee is too big for Mr. Keene to handle, his chances for being governor are now very remote. Instead of him being big enough to rise to the occasion of taking care of the Kansas Institutions it has been shown that he would rather cripple these institutions in order to make a little political medicine for himself than to grant the necessary money for the operation and maintenance of these institutions.—Democratic State Central Committee.

BAD SPRAIN.

Esther Stevenson, daughter of J. V. Stevenson, who lives north of Heizer, met with a severe accident while skating. She was racing with her brothers and in making a quick turn slipped and falling, sprained an ankle from the effects of which she has been confined to her bed for more than a week. She is reported as getting along nicely now.

Henry Boyle was down from Olmitz Tuesday for a visit with friends and to attend to business matters.

A large number of sick horses are still reported in some parts of the county, and the disease, of whatever kind it is, does not seem to be abating to any great extent, and the veterinarians are kept busy night and day most of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Murphy and baby were here from Hoisington Sunday spending the day with Commissioner and Mrs. P. E. Murphy and family. Tom is an enthusiastic home town booster and he says that Hoisington, with her White Way is several degrees ahead of Great Bend or any of the surrounding towns. He is engaged in the insurance business at the present time and his success at the business is attested by the fact that he is one of the high men for his company in the state.

THE AUTO SHOW.

This is a great time for the auto dealer. The big show is on at Kansas City and the fellows are going from everywhere to see the big thing pulled off. The show began Monday and will continue all of this week. Quite a number of the Great Bend dealers are on the ground this week. Among them are Lee P. Kern, Geo. Land, F. C. Lanahan, Grove Kearney, Wells Thompson and C. R. Summers. Most of them will see the week's end in Kansas City.

Walter Gunn and wife arrived from Southern California last Saturday evening for a visit with Mr. Gunn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gunn, and other Barton county relatives.

Talk about your gold bricks and get-rich-quick schemes, the Sanford Grain & Supply Co., of Pawnee county, has 'em all beaten a city block. At the annual meeting of this company held last week it was shown that the company had made a profit during the past year of 154.9 on their capital stock.

ExCounty Commissioner Matt Dick was here from Ellinwood Monday spending the day visiting with his many Great Bend friends. After serving the county for many years in the capacity of county commissioner from the First district, Mr. Dick reports that it is pretty nice to retire to private life once more and let the other fellows do the worrying about the affairs of the county. Mr. Dick never was an office seeker and simply allowed his name to be used as an accommodation to his friends, and while he always enjoyed the work, yet he feels that it is a whole lot better to sit back and let someone else take the blame for things. The position of county commissioner is one which carries with it a whole lot of grief, but the work of Mr. Dick has been such that he has no cause to regret any of his actions.

INFLUENZA.

The horse disease that has been killing off so many Barton county horses is spreading, so Dr. Russell says. It is prevalent in all parts of the county but the fatalities are not nearly so great as they were at the first. This is due to the fact that the people are coming to understand the first symptoms of the disease and begin the work of cure when the symptoms first begin to show. The disease is a germ disease and is very contagious, and unlike the disease that played havoc with the horses a couple of years ago, it affects mules as well as horses. According to the doctors, one of the best things for a horse that shows the symptoms is to get him into a good, warm barn. It must be something like the grip among people and generally yields to good care.

Henry Campbell and wife, of Albert, left for Oklahoma Tuesday evening.

George Wagoner and Will Role of Ellinwood were Great Bend visitors Monday.

Henry Campbell was in from the Heizer neighborhood last Friday on a business trip and for a visit with relatives and his many friends and made a pleasant business and social call at the Democrat office and left the wherewith to have The Daily Democrat sent to his address for the coming year. Mr. Campbell is well pleased with the wheat prospects and also with the present high price, as he has over 3,000 bushels of old wheat yet in the bin which is going to net him a nice little sum of money. He reports that he took a small load to Heizer one day last week, the load being necessarily small on account of the bad roads, yet he received in return a check for over \$103, which he remarked was considerable of a contrast from former times, for he has hauled many large loads for which he received not over \$25